

Exercice  
1  
Folio







(10)

Kept in better shape the women have their  
chins either tattooed or painted. I could  
not determine which in about five straight  
<sup>perpendicular</sup> lines they are of two tribes the Mohaves and  
Chimewes the Mohaves make bread  
bushels and arrows and the Chimewes  
make bushels. The town is a most  
wasteful place I have ever seen I hear  
that good food is thrown out in the street  
bread that has never been cut and quantities  
of meat I should not have mentioned.  
This dear sayerly I saw a great joint of  
meat smelly in the street and a great amount  
of great fat dogs laying round they will  
hardly get away from the way. I also  
saw an old woman laying down in the  
middle of the road fast asleep her head on  
her little basket of wares and was told it  
was their way to drop down where ever they  
had a mind to. The one blacksmith is drunk



so we cannot have our horse shod and the  
chief street has a eating house and a saloons  
alternately for near a block I do not know  
if any inference could be taken from these  
things and the old woman asleep. <sup>June 11</sup> The  
weather is very hot getting to 115 every day and  
it makes it hard work to keep going. I shall  
be very glad to get out of here. I walked a mile  
this morning with Carl to try for butterflies  
and only got one <sup>June 12</sup> small black one. I saw  
one in the cow yard yesterday. But by the  
time I had my net it was gone. Mr. <sup>Hull</sup>  
told me she can get 30 to 45 cents a dog for  
all the year through. Mr. Hull brought me a  
litter of young skunks only about 5 days <sup>they had the</sup>  
old there were five of them Frank stuffed  
them will give one to Mr. Hull the rest will send  
to Washington. It is a strange thing how tenacious  
of life a young animal is. Frank tried to  
squeeze the life out of one and when he thought



it was dead laid it down for a minute and it began to gasp he then put it in water and drowned it after taking it out of the water dead it began to gasp again he then took his knife and thrust it in to the heart and made sure it was then dead after taking the heart and lungs out he noticed that the heart was beating and it beat for an hour and a half after that of course fainter and fainter but at last it was only by close watching we could see it.

June 12. Still at Mr Cullocks the wind has changed and gives us the full flavor of the town sewer from which the Chinaman waters his garden and the people buy the vegetables nothing to be got here June 13 To day went to Mr. Hatt and took a photo of the Turtles 28 did not get any of the little grey ground squirrel and have only got one of the striped kind all the time we have been here the Indians call the



little grey kind Tease from the sound they  
gave out we saw one sitting bolt upright giving  
out its little sharp cry of course we had  
no guns. June 15<sup>th</sup> day Sunday we cross the  
river start at 8 o'clock get to the river in little  
over half an hour. The Indians are over the  
other side it took them perhaps  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour to  
row over we put the wagon on the boat first  
and the horses altogether last I sat up on  
the wagon and then we started. I thought we  
should go right across but it was a greater  
piece of work than I thought. The Colorado  
is a very swift river deep in the middle  
but shallow on each side with shifting  
sand bars in many places we had two Indians  
to do the work and they did the work by main  
strength and awkwardness they could have  
done better had they used more judgement. At  
first they hauled the great boat up stream  
wading up ~~it~~ to the waist in water and



walking along the mud flats that fringed  
the edge wading a little farther out and  
walking again the head man often going on  
before feeling the depth so as to get us across  
the different sand bars sometimes ground-  
ing when by main strength they would  
push and haul till the sweat would roll  
off them. Frank got out of the boat once  
and helped push off a bar on which we  
stuck. Then they would try another place  
once we stayed on for a few minutes till  
the current swept the sand away from us and  
we got over as soon as we got clear of these  
shallows into the main stream, the two Indians  
got into the boat and rowed. They had no  
poles to help them as they should have  
and the tide took us way down the river  
past the place that we wished to land we  
thought the boat would get away from it  
seemed to me that right at the edge of the



swiftless current we run up to another sand bar with only a very narrow passage out in the water the Indians got and struggled for half an hour to get us into this narrow passage at last we made it and paused to rest and that one moments rest gave the current its chance and before we realized it we were swept out into the main stream again and all the work was to do over again with the men died Frank and Mr. McCullack had to take hold and help and we only saved ourselves by the skin of our teeth ten us more and we should have been swept away. after passing through this sand bar we had to go through the same kind of work that we had on the other side but the sand bars had got so high we could not get to the ordinary landing place so had to row farther up and make a landing where the arrow weed came down to the water's edge the Indians



chopped down enough Arrow weed for us to land  
It taking two hours for us to cross the river  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile wide. I caught two dragon flies here  
with red patches on their wings I saw none  
of these kind on the California side and one  
Butterfly It looks as tho life is more abundant  
this Arizonian side We bought an old basket  
from the Mohave Indians before we crossed  
a very good one but ~~at~~ broken a little we  
also saw the Indians playing their game  
they have two long sticks with a ring and  
throw the ring and sticks Frank says that  
this game he has seen played clear across the  
Territory to Campo Bowie We traveled on  
through forests of arrow weed this is the  
first time that the dust has been bad and it  
is bad enough it flies up till we cannot see  
the horses in front of us once we go through  
a longish piece of water that is in the road  
and then the mud gathers on the wheels



and the horses sink down but Frank says  
the mud is not so hard on the horses as the sand  
We got off the main road about camping time so  
as there was a place by the roadside camped  
after supper came along man Mr Henry Roberts  
he and Frank talked a good time he gave us  
a good deal of information told us that 3 miles  
back on the road we came his brother  
William had a ranch beside a lake and that  
there was musk rat in the lake and so to  
Wed June 16 caught a large skunk Frank skinned  
it an Indian came along and watched him all  
the time Frank decided to go back to W  
Roberts place in the hope of getting a musk  
Rat we went all over that dusty road again  
which is not pleasant Found W. R. s place  
a newly cultivated Ranch he payed six  
hundred Dols for building a water power  
plant for lifting the water from the lake  
to irrigate the land six horses with



There eyes covered ceaselessly walk round  
and round ~~shaving~~ a large wheel which  
lifts a number of iron diffusers with the  
water. The things look pretty well perhaps a  
little sickly. He showed us a nice camping  
place under a large tree near the lake which  
is called the Y lake on account of the shape.  
June 17 This is a pretty good place but the Indians  
have been round all day and I fear that any  
thing that is about will not come from there.  
hiding places. The Indians have been catching  
fish. The way they do is to put out in the middle  
of the lake a net as far as I could see it is fastened  
at intervals to long sticks. Then two Indians one  
on each side of the lake take long sticks and beat  
and splash the water walking up to the net  
all the time when they jolt up the stake that  
fixes the net closing on all they meet enclosing  
the frightened fish. The fish they catch they  
stung around them and repeat the process.



gradually moving along the lake till the whole  
has been gone over when they make a fire  
on the bank and have a feast no women  
were with them. I could not see very much but  
when they were leaving I saw one Indian with three  
or four large fish tied to him from quite half  
a yard long probably 2 lb fish. I saw the  
hind part of an animal it looked like the furry  
tail of a squirrel perhaps dark brown. Frank  
cannot think what it can be unless it is a civet  
cat put out many traps but nothing but a skunk  
of any importance. The Indians have exceedingly  
disturbed them. This is the hottest place we  
have been in the thermometer reaching 115 each  
day tho our thermometer registers 6 deg. higher  
than the one W. Roberts has. The water is not  
very good either. Frank and Carl do not  
mind it but I cannot drink it at all and  
being so hot it is rather hard. I cannot eat  
either. I am having somewhat of a hard



time we think perhaps that drinking so much ice water at the needles has been hurtfull to me I have done what I would suggest others to do when the water is bad boil it first then take a little of the boiled water and slack some charcoal in it then pound up the charcoal and stir it all up in the boiled water now take a tin with a small hole in the bottom and cover it with a piece of clean rag put the tin over a tumbler if you have one and pour the black charcoaly water in letting it filter through and this thus does not make good water out of bad it makes it much better and drinkable we could not make tea at all and the coffee tasted like anything else rather than coffee but after the above process we could certainly taste that it was coffee. June 18 The last night here



as usual as worked the charm and we  
have caught one musk rat to get out  
this <sup>June 19</sup> morning going over to another Roberts  
to try to get some bats they having taken  
possession of his front room from W Roberts  
to John Roberts a very dusty road we have  
to frequently to stop the horses to enable  
us to see where we were driving when  
we get to Johns we find the place locked  
up with no evidence of life around  
two letters were tucked in the door want  
so perhaps he has been gone days we stayed  
two hours bored ourselves with looking  
our noses into the broken windows hearing  
bats squeak as tho there were hundreds  
poked round every where but not one  
place that we could get any we are also  
muddy up badly for the horses not having  
ing a bit with but a slim chance of getting  
any and we are told there is absolutely



by nothing on the road we see there is about  
a bail and a half hay here but of course  
absolutely useless as the owner is not at  
home and we have not yet come to the  
pass of having to steal some so soon  
after getting through the sand which  
seems to fill this old riverbottoms we  
rise upon a mesa and have a good  
road for a long way there being some  
mines springing up all round the hills.  
That are behind <sup>Boulders</sup> ~~Greenwood~~ cone a queer  
cone shaped hill that we could see on the  
other side of the needles. In the wash after leaving  
Roberts place we saw the first Palo Verde and  
saw no more or but very little after. The long  
stretch of mesa was as all the country we  
pass through dry and animal life was one  
bird seen and one lizard. We did not get to  
camp till dark a good sized mining camp  
of the German American Mining Company  
a rather grimy lot. No hay. water



a quarter of a mile further on however we  
camped. Tired enough and didnt bother about  
anybody only that the horses had to go supperless  
June 20 As a great favor we get an old  
wornout shoe put on one of the horses so  
the next camp is 4 miles and we can get hay  
we are told a rough mountainous country at  
Gold Road there is a stamping mill and a  
store but no hay. and after we pass Gold road  
comes the time we have been dreading the  
very bad hill and George balked at the begin-  
ing Frank had to put Dick in his place and  
get up a little farther the hill becomes very  
steep is narrow and we had to find a place  
just wide enough to turnout and have our  
dinner. Thermometer 115 after a dinner of  
which Frank could not eat any he is too anxious  
about the steep hill before us and George Balking  
has upset him. Frank packed the three  
horses with all the things he could get on them



bedding traps and sacks of clothes started up the hill with them to leave them on top and thus lighten the load. I ~~went~~ stayed with the wagon and went over some rocks to get a juice of yucca and a canteen of water from the compenys well down in a little ~~for~~ gulch. By the time I'd done my work Frank and Carl were back again and pitched the three horses on to the load that was left. I walked. Frank would not let me take anything along for he said it would be more than I wanted to do to take myself up and it was that I suppose in all this hill is a mile long perhaps more and we had to go up all the way even the rest places are up hill but the horses worked well and made it tho we were quite doubtfull if they could and I spoke to some people and they said perhaps we could not get up. It is quite a usual thing for a team to have to hire help there was lots of broken wagons in ever so many places when we got to the top but we had nearly as bad



a hill to go down I got into the wagon to help hold things on and Frank had to let the horses go sometimes they could not hold the wagon back tho our brake was a good one at the bottom a man was coming up with a load of hay with eight horses we wanted to buy a bale from him but he could not let us have one for they were fastened on so that if one was taken off it would loosen his load and he would never get across that road it took away short time to get into Little Meadows Frank stopped to enquire. The man had part of a bale of hay which he would lend us but not sell so Frank made arrangements that Carl should take the empty wagon next day to Kingman and back and get some Kingman is 21 miles from Little Meadows so at last the poor horses get something to eat. June 21 Little Meadows is an old place it has one house and a nice spring or two but no meadows tho the lady of the house tells



me that the Indians say 100 years ago there was left of water running in the creek but it is like the rest of the country dry up a little less water every year there is the remains of an old stone corral here where some white men were massacred in 1853 by the Indians though no Indians about here now. I went for a walk with Mr De Nure Lime stone crops out here and you can find pieces of Calcedony round in the hills we picked up a poor piece but I hope to get some better Frank hopes to get some good things here. I have foreseed a few Idants, we hear of squirrels rats mice coonss &c The thermometer is 114. good water and the first time I have found any butterflies there is a few here. June 22 Carl got back from Kingman about 10 oclock last night brought lots of mail and reports a good road all the way to Kingman also that Kingman is a nice little town not still today 115 or so Frank did not get much we do the best we can but the



heat and nothing much to get makes it  
hard Carl keeps on the go all day with his  
gun and Frank went way in the gulches  
~~June 22~~ Mr De Nure asked us to dinner  
to night we had Chicken plenty of it for  
we were hungry for something good and tomorrow  
we start off again. June 23 Frank got a  
good many things in his traps this morning  
among other things Two Gophers two rats  
some mice that Frank does not know  
we all set to work to skin but the hot  
weather spoils them so we can hardly  
do anything with them They are the worse  
skins that I have ever seen Frank put  
up and at last he had to give up for the  
hair would come off even after he dropped  
them up in formaline so we packed up  
and left about two Frank was pretty sick  
a bad headache ~~to~~ but what a treat  
to go over a good road but no improvement



in the vegetation Yucca and dead looking  
Sarcra the stems not larger than a pencil  
~~Opsona~~ Opuncia bassilera is still  
to be seen what a wide spread cactus it is  
we have seen it on and off all the way  
we stoped and had supper and laid down  
to rest for all the moon rose when we travelled  
two hours then throw down our beds we  
had not been there long before an ant sting Frank  
on the nose he got up in a hurry and so did I  
but not quick enough one sting me on the  
hand and we could see by the moon that the  
bed was swarming with them well we  
skuttled round shook the thing out and  
put them in the wagon on top of all sort of the  
other thing and got some sort of a night's rest  
I forgot to say that yesterday we laid the the-  
omelic down for a few minutes and at last  
the heat is so great.



June 24. We made Kingman this morning turned into a corral and a dirty tired looking crowd we looked. We only stayed long enough to have a bit of dinner and then drove about 2 1/2 miles to Beales spring where we hope to get some rabbits. This spring was <sup>named for</sup> discovered by Lieutenant Beale of the who was with the government survey in the year 53? going thro the 35 parallel. There used to be a few soldiers stationed here and then it was a toll road. Frank passed through when he had to pay toll and there is still an old sign to that effect up over the wagon shed I am told that the little grave yard has been removed by the government.

June 25 Frank reports that Rabbits are scarce and Coyotes plenty. The people are pleasant. The ~~house~~ and orchard is the only the piece of ground that is cultivated no pasture or grain for horses and no place for corn. The road is



a very old one in some places worn down half  
a yard below the level of the ground.



June 26 Still no Rabbits The Frank and Carl Tramps  
the whole country round for them Frank Caught  
a Coyote this morning it is the Coyotes that  
keep the rabbits so wild and so few I went with  
Frank to where the Coyote was caught Frank  
made two Photos of it It had broken one trap  
and was only caught by one toe in the other  
Coyotes as a rule do not make much noise  
when caught but this one lifted up his voice  
and fairly howled tho Frank says they  
bark but do not howl He looked at it with  
a pathetic look but if we stepped close  
to it the expression changed and a look  
of angry fear came over it and then as we  
stepped back it opened its jaws <sup>and</sup> gave a  
prolonged yell I think it must have been  
calling its friends to help it could it be a  
remembrance of when they hunted in packs  
We were busy caring for it and some other



little things the rest of the time when Frank and Carl where not hunting. We have one ~~half~~ very small Rabbit but can get no others.

<sup>June</sup> 24 Another Coyote this morning a ♀ This one unlike the one yesterday stood and looked at us but did not utter a sound not even when Frank struck her with a twitch to make her ~~stand~~ in shape to kill her. He killed her with the little anks ~~stomach~~ ~~the~~ ~~missal~~ of the gun not being more than two feet away from it. Still no Rabbits Frank & Carl are very much disheartened they bring till they are tired out Frank brings with his report. 28 No Coyote this morning Frank still at his report he does not have much time for it as he has to go on the tramp for those Rabbits. This I expect what few are here have been scared away by their efforts to get them. To night we dine with Mr & Miss Hoyt. June 28 They caught 4 Bats last night and



at last this morning one rabbit and we clear  
out for the Hoalaper Mountains I hope better  
luck farther on We passed across a Kind  
of Mesa and saw a good many Rabbits  
but ~~where~~ were not lucky enough to shoot  
one our luck does seem against us Carl fired  
away at a great rate and Frank and Carl  
would try to scare up the same rabbit and with  
all their best efforts it was no go we soon  
began to go up the mountain on easy grade so far  
we made a dry camp on the road side and just  
then two squaws came along on horseback  
and quite Rawent What I meant by Baskets  
They showed me one poor specimen and asked a  
dollar for it. It was shaped as  but they had  
a fine larger one on their back of course old and  
worn and dirty shaped as  which we bought  
~~June 29~~ 8 Miles from Beales Spring to Camping place on  
the mountain June 29 We made the old saw  
mill about <sup>10</sup> o'clock Alt. 5800 a good spring of fine  
Water the first we have struck for many a day



for both Beales Spring and Little Meadows  
Spring are private property we would stay  
here only there is no feed for the horses  
This Spring comes from the solid rock and  
round it and lower down the canyon  
for perhaps half a mile grows the prettiest  
Columbine we have seen white blossoms with  
tails three inches long a perfect beauty and  
what I have looked for in vain all through our  
journey lots of butterflies now I have to go  
farther up and perhaps not find any more  
The day is nice and cool we stayed to dinner  
here and I went down the road to get a few  
butterflies and went up to the summit in the  
afternoon. Sent Carl to hunt for water no feed  
and Carl came back with a little dirty black  
water unfit to use he had to take the horses  
back again to the spring and bring water  
before I could make supper if we had feed  
and water it would be a nice camp ground nice  
pine trees not very uneven the ground is coarse  
gravel and the rocks a very coarse granite



altogether the place reminds me of Witch  
creek except that the oaks look like saplings  
July 30. A very poor catch one mouse and  
one rat we had a visit this morning from  
two men they tell us there is no other water  
than the dirty hole that Carl found last night  
and no feed also that game is so scarce  
that it does not pay to carry a gun that  
there is nothing here they have a mine some  
4 miles away over the other side of the  
mountain Frank tramped up the peak  
that is on the right of us over to a place called  
the potato patch This is the place we have  
been told where potatoes were first raised in  
this part of the country but it is all abandoned  
now there is no water. The men that came  
this morning said that last year were the dirty  
water is now a nice little stream run  
the weather is cool but a good bit of wind  
July 1<sup>st</sup> Seen nobody all day Caught a wild  
cat this morning Frank took a photo of it



hunted and walked till we were all tired  
got some chipmunks and a rabbit and in  
the afternoon Carl shot a rock squirrel. We  
shall go back to the old mill to morrow  
it is too much to stay here and have to make  
a canteen of water serve me and the poor  
horses are looking like wash boards the Alt  
is 6300 and it is about 1 mile from the saw  
mill July 2. Packed up and started down  
I walked for the road is bad very steep  
itches down in some places tho Frank says  
that for a mountain road it is first rate  
and he cannot think why the County went  
to the expense of 1500 dollars in making this  
road at all. Had an early dinner and  
sent Carl off to Kingman to get hay and  
grain for the horses I went off for butterflies  
there is not so many as the first day we  
came the cool weather and the wind may  
be the cause. July 3 Caught 8 wood rats  
This morning one rabbit one chipmunk



and one mouse Carl came home soon after  
Eight brought two rabbits and a quail  
reports that a rock squirrel is in a trap  
so we have lots of skinning to do today. Frank  
& Carl worked most of the day and killed  
13 mammals in all. I tried for butterflies  
but it is too cold and windy. The thermometer  
about 72 all day have not seen anybody.  
Frank caught a snake when he went to put  
out his traps. Snakes are quite rare  
this is the second they have caught on  
the mountain and the men he saw  
up above said he had not killed 5 rattlesnakes  
in two years. July 4 Thermometer  
this morning at six o'clock is 59°

July 4 to 5 Still at the old saw mill. Have seen  
no one pass. The weather quite cool at 6 a.m.  
50° At 7 2: 60° At 8 60° The sun had got round and  
shone on the thermometer. I caught a good many  
butterflies on the fourth being a national  
holiday we did not work quite as hard and



4  
Frank mounted a chip munt for Miss Hoyt  
it looked very pretty.

678 8 July. Much the same noone has passed  
and this morning we caught a wild cat  
and I went to my butterfly hunting ground  
for the last time and gathered some seeds  
of the beautiful columbine that grows near  
the water. This has been a very pleasant  
place to stay in the old shack. The made of  
the outside slabs of the pine trees and rather  
doors or windows it has been very comfortable.  
The large fire place has been a great comfort  
to me July 9<sup>th</sup> To day we start down the  
mountain. The roads scare me these steep  
steep pitches are terrifying when we got to  
an old chimney we found that that was  
the dividing line for Harris's chip munt  
and the little striped we have been <sup>catching</sup> ~~catching~~  
The ground seems to be a coarse gravel  
and I have not seen any other kind of



ground anywhere just near Beales Springs  
There is a white kind of rock all the rest  
is granite July 10<sup>th</sup> I stayed on the slope  
last night and shot rabbits we have got nearly  
enough of them now we have only seen one  
man ~~to day~~ since our first morning on the  
Mountain but we shall get into Kingman to  
day and Beale Springs it is quite hot again  
all our nice cool weather is over I expect  
found all right at Beale Springs. July 11 I went  
to town to day with Carl to see if I could get  
some Indian baskets They are hard people  
to buy off I would not buy of a squaw as I  
did not like her baskets she was very cross  
with me pretending to strike me with a stick  
I went up to an old sub chiefs house he  
was very affable but calling himself  
Hualapai Charlie the war chief told me  
he was square to all same white man  
I got two baskets from his squaw one



an old sifting basket anone of the olla  
like kind that they make to sell poor  
specimen of Basketry any way. He wanted  
us to buy the pressed fibre of some plant - probably  
yucca which he called Inocall it tasted  
sweet but I did not want any of it on going  
back to the town the squaws looked cross  
at me for going and buying of Charlies  
squaw rather than them and scolded  
a good deal. July 12<sup>th</sup> This morning before  
I was up an squaw was here with a basket  
after a good deal of higgling I bought it for  
75 cents it was not worth it. Her man was  
shooting birds for Mr. Hoyt and consequently  
she asked herself to breakfast and stayed  
round all morning and seemed in great distress  
~~about~~ for fear I was going to make a profit  
on the baskets which I was packing ready  
to send off to Washington looking at the labels  
and saying two dollars and a half meaning



that was the price I had written or I ~~thase~~ I had  
given a dollar for. She stayed to dinner at  
Miss Hoyt's and after we saw her sitting  
with her feet on another chair for quite  
a time about half past two I saw her coming  
from the mountain side her arm full of  
the twigs of Rhus with which they make  
the baskets she chose a nice place under  
the peach trees in the Orchard and I saw  
her at half past three working at a new  
basket she had the foundation and about  
two inches of the weaving done I did not  
see her again but I feel sure she would be  
able to finish a good sized basket before  
night. July 13 Sunday To day we leave the  
Hoyt's very pleasant has the time been  
I ~~hope~~ thought the squaw would come with  
her basket but she has not It is very hot  
and we shall get it hotter rather than  
cooler.



We leave the Railway at Kingman and shall  
not see it again till we get to the Colorado  
we pass along the north end of the Hualapam Mts  
across a flat plain much like the many plains we  
have passed even to the wandering whirlwinds  
the same yucas and Chollas and Larries at  
near evening we leave the Larria and camp  
on the open plain where we are joined by  
a Gentleman going to Kingman a Mr. Quinn he  
stayed and camped with us and gave us a  
great deal of good information about the  
route we wish to take so far as we can see from  
his description we shall be able to go straight  
south with out making a wide detour to  
(we had our first watermelon for night)  
the east by way of ~~at~~ Wickenburg

July 14 up very early as I wished to give breakfast  
for Mr. Quinn He is a San Diego Man and knows  
a great many people I know. We soon leave  
the Yucca Country and come upon what to



me is very pleasant the Juniper country  
the country is very different now a great  
many rolling hills which causes the road  
to turn and twist about seldom going  
a quarter of a mile without making a  
turn. But before we make this juniper country  
we come to Hualapai Spring where the water  
is free. This is a goat ranch and every scrap  
of feed is of course eaten off. Hualapai Spring  
is 13 Miles from Kingman 16 Miles from  
Hualapai Spring is "The Windmill" where we  
water up for the night driving a mile or so  
to camp after ~~he~~ we saw the Sandy this  
afternoon but do not get to where there is  
water till tomorrow. The Windmill is  
placed in a canyon thro which part of  
the Sandy runs we paid 10¢ <sup>each horse</sup> per head for  
water. This afternoon we come across a new  
kind of cactus a bush like thing with red  
fruit and I think the most prickly cactus of



all the tribe we leave the jumper and get  
into Larria and Mesquite July 15 We drive  
over a mesa for several miles before seeing the  
Sandy again leaving it behind some low  
hills on our left The yucca looks a little different  
in the afternoon we come to Hockata and in  
some places it looks as tho it would make  
good Cattle Ranches if water could be developed  
and it does look as tho it might be too not  
being very far away from the river Late in the  
afternoon we come to a house where there are  
a few Indians and we buy a basket olla covered  
with a kind of pitch 75¢ for it a wild looking  
lot about a just beyond this house was  
the first Giant Cactus a solitary one on  
the side of a hill and rounding the hill was  
a good many we near the river again at  
this point and see a good sized <sup>adobe</sup> house with  
grind mill and parts of machinery lots of  
fencing all abandoned trees set out fig  
trees full of fruit even a little grape



upon the Hill side and not a live creature about  
so much work and money spent fruitlessly  
all for want of that great need in this country  
water. We heard that the people bought all  
the machinery for wind mill and an engine  
for pumping before they found out whether they  
could get water or not and then found they  
could not get it and just got up and left every-  
thing and skiped it seems hard. The country  
here seems very like the New River bottom  
country a soft earth and large Mesquite trees  
We travel about an hour more ~~thru~~ a thicket  
of Mesquite and camp by the road side. The  
sky clouding up and the thunder and lightning  
playing all night we had also a little rain  
enough to make us get up and sit in the  
wagons all night not very comfortable. July 16  
Trance about one hour when we cross the  
river there being water in it we pitch  
camp under the cotton woods on the other  
side a very nice place many birds are



singing we hope to get a good many things here  
July 14 I have not got any animals yet  
a much poorer place than we expected  
there is a camp of Indians near here Frank  
went to a house not far away and bought  
some watermelons I had a pan full of rinds  
for the horses and an old squaw and a  
girl came along and after begging for some  
bread happened to see a piece of watermelon  
in the wagon I gave it to them then opening  
the pan of rind they fell on their knees  
and fairly swallowed in that pan turning  
them over gobbling every little red piece that  
was left on them then picking the whole of  
the pieces up they carted them off without  
so much as asking for them In the afternoon  
another batch came along This is the first  
time I have ever seen an Indian show any  
affection for her baby but this mother kissed  
her little ones and seemed very fond of it while  
her other two girls who were corrected



several times by rapping them on the head  
with her knuckles. The baby about one year old  
was often carried by the next youngest who carried  
it on her back catching hold of one arm the baby  
only other support being what it could grasp  
with its own hands any white child would  
have had its arm pulled out of the socket by  
such treatment. We had had a small packet  
of ginger snaps done up in <sup>a</sup> somewhat fancy  
case and I was surprised to hear one of  
the boys read "ginger snaps" off quite plain.  
They go to school at Hackbury and by that  
must learn quite well. The Squaw also seems  
to be quite an intelligent woman. The from  
their appearance they are the greatest savages  
we have seen yet. Mr. Linn passed back  
today and tells us that yesterday at the  
Windmill they had the greatest rain he has  
ever seen. Places are washed out in the road  
coming along ten feet deep he had to zigzag  
around that ~~Janerper~~ country a great deal



To find a road we heard a queer noise  
last night but thought it would be the trees  
but it was a flood coming down the sandy  
when we got up this morning the irrigating  
ditch that passes our camp was dry the  
dam having been washed out and the water  
had exceedingly been a rushing torrent but  
had gone down a good deal but a great number  
of the little fish had been killed we saw  
great quantities of them when we passed  
over the river July 8 still very few animals  
one gopher the only thing of value The Squaw  
brought her half made basket and Frank  
made a photo of it the old hag that gobbled the  
watermelon and yesterday said she is mother  
to the Squaw and the three littlest children are  
hers "the squaws" I hope we shall be able to get a  
photo of them tomorrow. The Squaw has just brought  
the basket finished a quarter to five <sup>pm</sup> so it has  
not taken her long to make it, a nice little basket  
enough but nothing very particular in it two or  
three rows of red rag run in it is the only ornament.



a half a dollar is her charge. we have given her a dollar to go and get change I wonder if she will bring it back alright. The basket was begun late yesterday afternoon. She has brought back the change also brought a piece of bead work half finished for which we have offered her two bits she will let the little child sell it to us for that but will not take it herself.

July 19. To day we strike camp some gophers are the only interesting things here tho there is 37 birds seen or heard. One of the Little Indian Children has let us for 25¢ take her photo with her dolls on her back. but the father of the little child would not let us take the photo of her unless we gave 25 cents to her so we could not afford 50¢ for just two children. ~~As~~ As we passed the Indians camp when we started off they were at dinner. The old squaw was eating bread and honey we bought a Navaho blanket from them giving them 5 dollars for it and an old baby bed after Frank paid for the



things the Squaw took off the hood piece of the  
bed and would not let him have it until he  
paid 25¢ more. Went 4 miles to Mr. McGeer  
on the other side of the River so we have crossed  
over the sandy twice so far a fine camping  
place under two immense cotton wood trees  
with water in an irrigating ditch not ten  
feet from us nice people Mr. Guerin came  
to see us all evening and gave us still  
more information. Foxes seem to be  
around also coons. July 20 Heard a fox last  
night but none got in the traps mice and  
bats are the only things caught yet besides birds  
of which there are 39 kinds so far It is very  
hot 109 and a hot wind. On all sides of us there  
is the ~~Jagant~~ Giant Cactus which the children  
call swate or sawate. The little girl who  
had her photo taken with the ollas was named  
tu-cuui or some such name. July 21 No  
foxes yet we got two Poor Wills last night when  
they came to drink at the ditch and some



Bats different from any we have taken before.  
one squirrel was caught in a trap last night and  
Carl got only one mouse of any good and that  
was spoiled by 5 mice to mine in the morning.  
The weather is so hot and oppressive.

July 22 I don't like Arizona. But that is premature  
yes yesterday morning Mrs Mc Gee was taken  
sick and they sent for me I did not know  
what to do for her but gave her Accurite to quiet  
her she is getting on very well but a very sick  
woman I staid nearly all day with them. still  
very hot 109 in the shade but today takes the cake  
all right till this afternoon when it clouded  
up and soon began to rain we hurried things  
into the tent and Frank dug a trench round  
as fast as he could to keep things dry and we  
thought the storm was over but without  
a moments notice a great gust of wind came  
another and another The hail began to  
come down the wind tearing along Frank  
looked thoughtfull and in another minute



down came the branches from the Cotton Wood  
trees under which we our tent is Frank  
hung on to the tent pole and I thought sure  
the trees would all be on top of us It did  
not take more than two minutes and when  
we peeped out the ground was strewn  
with branches and twigs and leaves several  
branches as big as a mans thigh were down  
all round us such a wreck I never saw  
Frank and Carl had to get out in it for it  
was still blowing and tie the tent and  
wagon down as soon as ever they could  
Mr Mc Gee's ladder resting against the tree  
was broken short off and two rounds I had  
set out some dishes hoping to catch some  
rain water to drink they were strewn  
all around covered with mud I stayed  
in the tent expecting to be crushed to death  
with the falling limbs but we had got  
the tent close behind the trunk of the



tree on the lee side so that we were too close  
to the tree to get the limbs and the trunk saved  
us from being blown to pieces. But I don't  
want much more of it - next time we might  
not come off quite so well. It broke the  
ditch some where so we have only muddy  
water to use. Mr. McGee came down  
to see about things after it was all over  
and has kindly given us permission to  
go to the house but we shall brave it  
out here and Mr. McGee is still very  
sick but better - will have to stay in bed.  
For several days the Frank took a  
photo of the wreck as soon as things had  
quieted down a bit but it is very dull  
hardly light enough to take a picture.  
It was all over by half past four Frank  
then went and took a picture of a Giant  
cactus with me standing by the side a  
quiet night after all.

July 23 Before breakfast our Indians



from where we camped last with some  
more came along one had a basket to sell  
but I was not anxious about it they went off  
to get some water melons at Mr. McGees  
soon came back ~~another~~ stopped to talk  
talked me into buying the basket for 30¢  
another man coming along gave them a  
water melon whereon they dumped them-  
selves down and gobbled it up and went off  
wonder if I shall see them again I heard they  
had 51 sacks of Mesquite beans that they  
were going to take to Signal to sell and would  
get 25¢ each for them dont know how true  
it is if it does not turn to right we may  
pull up stakes to morrow as we have  
to go through a canyon and it will be no  
joke to get in it with a flood. The squaws  
name that we have bought the baby's bed  
and things off is Besie Squigern.  
We caught Bats this evening and the hum of  
insects in the cotton trees sounded as



The many swarms of bees were flying round  
we found out when we went to bed all about  
them millions of flying ants came round and  
flew over every thing we had to get off to bed  
in a hurry and keep smacking them as they  
crawled over us they seemed to be a kind of termite  
soft and smoky brown colored with long  
wings the many were without wings

July 24 To day I pull up stakes and drive about  
7 miles to Clark's ranch a good way through  
the canyon rather a pretty drive we cross  
the river many times and take dinner on  
a little ~~wood~~ bench when Frank cut down  
several Giant Cactuses to hunt for little owls  
all he found was two dried skins of the elf  
owl enough to show that they live here Frank  
also shot a hawk white banded hawk I think  
was the name it was a black bird with a broad  
white band across the tail Clark's ranch is  
just at the end of the canyon and we camped



a this place I had hardly washed up dishes  
which we brought along dirty when the rain  
came down in torrents we had just time  
to fix up a little I had lit the fire put  
on things for supper when we had to tuck  
into the wagon and eat watermelon while  
the rain and wind came soon the ground  
was inches deep in water the ditch broke  
the banks and everything was swimming  
Carl sat covered up with a canvas by the  
side of the wagon his feet on the wheel and  
a river ring under him. This evening we saw  
and shot a little elf owl. July 25 a very  
nice morning I went on the hill side and  
painted a Giant Cactus while Frank skinned  
and Carl hunted we got a few nice things  
to eat here onions Figs Grapes and water-  
melons the horses have a good time too  
July 26 We leave this morning driving to  
~~Signal~~ <sup>Signal</sup> 7 miles over a ~~low~~ mesa with  
the usual plants a few Tree Yuccas for



a variety on the way Signal is a fine town  
There was not one cultivated plant in the  
whole place adobe houses most of them  
windowless but pretty good water we  
camped for dinner under the shade  
of an adobe house bought from the Jew who  
kept store 35¢ coal oil 40¢ for a quart of turp  
10 <sup>packet</sup> of matches the same as we get 2 for 10¢  
for five cents in San Diego we did not stay  
long four miles from Signal was a well  
80 ft deep we gave the horses some water  
here for it is a dry camp to night no more  
water till we get to Planet where the  
river sandy and Bill Williams river  
join and then it is called the Bill Williams  
Fork Drive over a mesa and get among  
low hills by night good Grata for the  
horses and a great variety of desert life  
Tree Yucca Giant Sarcobatus Palo Verde Yucca  
Agave Carrizo and other low brush get  
up early on the on July 24 for we have



twenty miles to drive to water to day  
for it is 30 miles from Signal to Planet.  
The road on the whole is good the several  
sandy washes have to be crossed and at  
one place we go up a steep hill the rains  
have washed it out and it is both steep and  
strong we have to wind up this wash a  
mile or so before we get to the top after  
wards it is not so bad have dinner on  
the road side under a very large Palo Verde  
we see very few birds and only one  
cotton tail we drive on the top of a narrow  
ridge for a mile or so before finally  
getting down into the river bed at Planet.  
The ridge the narrow has not very  
steep sides and a good road which is the  
reason for keeping on the top it looks  
like deep sand on either side down  
in the wash Planet looks to be across  
the river merged up under the hills



which border the river but we do not cross the river but turn to the right as Frank always decides in the right way we do not see any one but a rig has passell over the road not long since the road runs through a thicket of cotton wood trees and cat's claw mesquite for a mile or two so dense we cannot see any thing in front but by the time we get worried as to whether we are going wrong we cross the Bill Williams river a clear running stream with little fish swimming along it looks good the horses take a long drink and we go on again cross again the brush for a time gets less thick and the high cliffs seem to close in on us still we go no sign of house the last rig went the same way so it must have gone somewhere and we will follow at last we see a cloud of dust ahead and a few minutes after a man with a load of hay ~~turns a corner~~ comes in sight and we find we are on the right road we shall find a mexicans in half a mile and a white mans



ranch two miles further on where we shall be  
able to get Hay for the horses. We get to the ranch  
about 2 in the afternoon a long dry days drive  
and find that the river has dried out and  
we have to carry water from the ranch a long  
way it is hot here animals do not run very brisk  
only bats July 28 Too hot to do much to day  
and I spend most of the time reading under  
the cotton wood trees where we are camped  
we are told that there is several <sup>Mexican</sup> ranches lower  
down this Bill Williams river but only trails  
to get to them about ~~three~~ a mile lower down  
The water rises again and runs all the way  
to the Colorado which is only 8 miles from here  
Sometimes Mountain sheep come down the hill here  
to drink we are told The cliffs are barren perpen-  
dicular black rocks looking like the Grand Canyon  
So Frank tells me. July 29. 30-31. Hot very  
hot. I have not been away from the Cotton Wood  
trees Frank & Carl have had all the hard work to  
do they have to pack water a long way for me



I hoped to do some washing but it is out of the question. Insect are plenty but animals with the exception of Bats scarce. Frank got a Skunk this morning the only large animal we have caught. July 31. To day we move on it was 78 this morning before sun rise and now at half past nine is 105 we expect a very hot drive to get to Barker and shall put on three horses. and we have a bad hill to go up five miles from here. The hill was not so bad as I expected it to be but still bad. We go up what is called Mineral Wash for several miles. This wash takes my fancy more than any other place I have seen. High immense perpendicular cliffs on both sides of us most of the way and brighter coloring than any we have yet seen. Vandyke Brown burnt sienna. Hookers green all bright and not faded down as so many colors are but they stand out vivid. we camp many mining camps on the way all deserted now.



The weather is evidently too hot for even a miner. We camp on a mesa for the night near many holes of mice and rats. To day we saw two or three chipmunks in one place but did not get any. August 1<sup>st</sup> At sun up this morning it was 82 so we had a hot drive we to Billy Mack's which was the first house we saw B. Mack's has a mill which he does not run we heard it was a very good mine having copper and gold in it This place is on the river bank and we stayed to dinner in an old adobe house. The Thermometer being 116 in the shade. From Billy Mack's to Parker is 5 miles over a gravelly mesa  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from Billy Mack's is a very bad hill here we had our first little trouble for nearly at the top of the hill which was as bad as the hill at Gold Road all three horses balked. I did not much wonder at it for a deep step in the solid



Rock half yard high in the steepest place  
was pretty tough for them to lift our  
heavy load up we had to take off part  
of the load and urge them with whips  
and get up they got the <sup>front wheels of the</sup> wagon over  
and ~~stop~~ ~~rested~~ rested again one more  
trip and they made it I do dread these  
hills so. We crossed this mesa and  
descended ~~the~~ by a stony wash on the  
other side to a large flat plain where  
Parker the Indian Agency is a fine  
place It is 33 miles from Billy Williams fork  
to Parker and most of the way is a good  
road some stony washes and some sand  
ones two bad hills The rest of the way  
good hard level road. At Parker there was  
only one white man in charge The D.<sup>r</sup>. He  
was very civil but no civiler than he  
was called to be we camped under an old  
porch We tried to buy baskets from the



Indians but could find but one in the town  
these being Mohave Indians to my disappoint-  
ment The Chemhaves Indians have their place  
higher up than Billy Mack's nearly opposite to  
Monument Mountain a queer finger like peak  
45 to 50 miles from Parker to Ehrenburg

that we see for many miles here at Parker.  
Much work and more money has been spent  
by the Government for the betterment of the Indians  
with very little result a long tunnel was  
built to carry water for them 6 miles of  
main ditch dug neither has ever been  
used. The Indian girls are all dressed in nice  
turkey red dresses with red flannel shawls  
fastened round them in the fashion they  
like so much but they lie around in the  
dirt and do nothing. Why should the Govern-  
ment give them fine schools doctor fancy  
iron bedsteads and by the look of the dresses  
they must be found them for they are  
all made by machine and of good ma-  
terial. They also receive rations and they  
cultivate a little patch of alfalfa and  
some melons they wallow in the dirt



(Frank took a picture of an Indian baby on its lady  
do nothing and live well what more do they  
need but enough of that 250 000 acres  
is the extent of the reservation, and I  
do not think that there is more than one  
acre cultivated by each Indian with every  
convenience given them to cultivate 100  
but they will not. Aug 3<sup>rd</sup> today we  
go to Rheolung part way to Shermanburg  
it is 15 miles to the first water a bot  
sunk in the sand Frank knows how  
to find these things I should never have  
known which way to look for water had  
I have been told we walked over a sand  
dune and down in a little depression  
the sand had been dug out under a  
mesquite tree and just a little damp  
place showed at one side there was a  
shovel lodged up in a tree and Frank  
began to dig and just under the sand was  
the bot with an old piece of tin over the  
top but such water it was undrinkable



The horses made out to drink after a time  
the day was a little cloudy and not more  
than 106 in the shade so we pushed on  
another 13 mile when we come to a green  
looking wash. we sent Carl ~~out~~ off the  
road to try to find water. he soon  
came back with the exciting news that  
there was water and lots of green  
grass for the horses only think of it  
we have not seen green grass since we  
left home and here it is 8 in high  
now the horses did eat altho we had  
come so far and water was so nasty  
at noon Flora would not stop to drink  
she was so hungry for that green feed  
Aug 4 now for Ehrenburg we have seen  
now one on the road since we left Billy  
Williams fork - I mean no one traveling  
This morning we passed the deserted city of La Pas  
This was at one time (I think in the 60's) a  
town of 3 or 4 thousand people on the banks



of the Colorado River but the River changed  
its course and the river trade went to Eberburg  
which rose up in its stead and now Eberburg  
is almost as deserted as La Pas We call the grave-  
yard the 'Silent City' but it speaks louder  
than does these lines of ruined adobe houses  
There was evidently a main street with  
cross streets and streets back still further  
and now not a roof is in place Large rooms  
were built in those days thick walls with  
here and there low arch ways Perhaps they  
were windows but they seem to have been  
put in unaccountable places at the side  
of the houses not high enough for doors  
and not in the place for a window. we went  
a mile further when we saw a road  
that went back into the brush we sent  
Carl in as there is always the look out for water  
As usual Frank was right and water  
was there but the weather was so hot we  
had to dig a hole for the water to come up  
as the place was soft mud and the horses could



not get down to it. About three miles before  
we made Chernburg we came to a Indian  
settlement they have built their houses from  
the adobes taken from La Pas for we saw in  
several places where they had dropped some  
I brought a pretty baby bed at this place the  
women here looked decidedly half breeds and  
were gambling the women were perhaps  
30. years old (does this give a clue to the age  
of La Pas) Chernburg a town on the bank of the  
River with one white family and a few Mexicans  
The white woman seemed a rather unsocial person  
but her little chattering daughter made up for  
her I suppose some time before the ferry boat had  
sunk and now had to be dug out of the sand  
bank before we could cross over. I was not anxious  
to stay here for it is hot the ants are bad there  
is many empty houses some in middling  
repair and some in ruins the place is all  
passed in one house or ~~into~~ warehouse we  
caught numbers of bats but the place is  
and people are uninteresting.



August 7 The Ferry boat is at last raised and  
this morning we cross over to our dearly  
beloved California again. The River is  
much narrower than when we crossed at  
Needles. The horses were made to swim  
Flora going first then Frank held the rope  
while George swam and Dick looked  
so longingly that he was driven into the  
water by himself and the river is shallow  
for a long way and he made his way all  
right when he got out of his depth we  
thought he would turn and come back  
but good little horse as he is he gave up  
and swam right over. Then we got in  
with the wagon and over in much less  
time and with much less work than  
at the Needles. From this California side  
our first drive is 15 miles to Mr. Phoe's  
ranch through a little used road and  
here for the first time Frank has to cut  
down branches in advance for us to



Miles

June 15 - 9

16 - 5

17 - 0

18 - 0

19 - 0

20 - 18

21 - 8

22 - 0

23 - 12

24 - 11

25 - 0

26

27

28

29

30

July 1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

Miles

July 11

12

13 - 10

14 - 28

15 - 20

16 - 20

17

18

19 - 4

20 - 7

21 - 17

22 - 22

23 - 13

24 - 17

25 - 5

26 - 29

27 - 16

28 - 15

29 - 14

Aug



Pass under a large valley with some good  
land and large Broomcorn and screw beans  
growing on it. Mr. Phe has a pumping engine  
and a lot of sorghum while a Laguna runs  
back of his house on the bank of which we  
camp as there is Muskrat here and perhaps  
other rat.



